

# THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL,

OR,

## Political, Commercial, and Literary Gazette.

Vol. IV.]

SUNDAY, JULY 4, 1819.

[No. 126.

Published Daily, with the exception of Mondays,—and accompanied with occasional Engravings, illustrative of Antiquities, Science, and the Arts,—at a Subscription price of Eight Rupees per Month, and Half a Rupee for each Plate issued.

### Bedoueen Romance.

*Antar, a Bedoueen Romance. Translated from the Arabic. By Terrick Hamilton, Esq. Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople. London 1819, small 8vo. pp. 298.*

There are many considerations which induce us to regret that the incessant occupation of providing daily for the information of our readers, a mass of political and commercial intelligence, which requires to be collected from various sources, arranged, digested, revised, and commented upon, all by one hand, and in hours subject to constant interruption, should leave us so little leisure for the preparation of materials, if not of a higher, yet certainly to us of a more agreeable kind. The weekly recurrence of a Literary Number is however a relief, inasmuch as it varies the bent and drift of thought devoted to it,—tho' on the other hand we never issue it from the press without regretting the want of that necessary preparation which we in vain strive to command, in order to make it worthy the approbation of those who have shown to this department of our labours, more particularly, such marked encouragement, and distinguished favor.

The volume, which we have selected for examination to-day, is, above all others, one that we should have been delighted to have given our opinion at great length upon; inasmuch as a long and familiar sojourning among the people it describes, and a familiar experience with all that characterizes the life, the language, the opinions, and habits of the Bedoueen or Wandering Arab, in the depth of his tented deserts, might have qualified us to speak with some confidence on subjects, which, as they are matters of local experience, can fall to the lot of few to attain an intimate and personal acquaintance with.

We have read the Book itself with varied sensations of admiration and delight, and nothing but a perusal of it throughout could, we are persuaded, satisfy those who had seen the smallest portion of it. The very beautiful and animated Eastern Tale of *Vathek*, which excited the admiration of Lord Byron to such a degree that he pronounced it to be the most perfect picture of oriental life and manners to be found in any European language, is, notwithstanding its acknowledged beauty and local truth, far inferior in simplicity and rigid fidelity to the Story of *Antar*. We had an opportunity of reading the one, the first copy of which, we believe, was brought to this settlement by the Stockton, about a month ago, and of following it up almost immediately by the perusal of the other, the first copy of which reached us by the Waterloo but a few days after.

The thirty-eighth Number of the Quarterly and the sixty-first Number of the Edinburgh Review, have both reached us by the same occasion, as well as a grand, beautiful, and classic Drama, "The Tragedy of Brutus, or The Fall of Tarquin," and a number of new and interesting publications, including the first volume of the "Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society," and others issued from the press since the commencement of

the year 1819, of which we can do no more than make bare mention at present, though we shall offer some notice of their contents at a future period.

To return, however, to *Antar*:—we have met in the last Number of the Literary Gazette for January, a judicious selection of some of the prominent features of this Bedoueen hero's history, which, as they appear to us to be the very portions we should ourselves select, and are accompanied by appropriate remarks, we desire to present in their original dress, accompanying our task with a regret that it must necessarily be brief, from interrupted time, limited space, and an attention to that variety of subject, which, frequently as we appear before our friends, they still continue to demand at our hands.

It may be truly said of this Bedoueen Romance of *Antar*, that it stands alone, and without a rival or a parallel either in European writings, or in works that have come down to us as translations from the writings of the East.

We possess many Eastern tales, supernatural and romantic narratives, in which all the metaphor and glow of oriental style is employed in adorning fictions of unbounded splendour and fancy. These place before our enchanted senses the manners and customs of Asia;—but they are chiefly the manners and customs of palaces and mighty sovereigns. They are derived too from the pens of Turkish or Persian poets, who gild every object with the brilliancy of their own imagination; and, except perhaps in the Koran itself, we might say, that previous to the perusal of *Antar*, we were ill informed of the peculiar habits of ancient Arabia,—of that shepherd people whose characteristics were but one stage removed from those in the first recorded history of associated man.

In offering these observations, we speak not of the wild adventures of the theme of this Bedoueen story. The fables of Greek mythology are not more incredible than his super-human feats; but there is a simplicity which runs through their relation, a perpetual reference to the institutions and ways of these pastoral and wandering, yet warlike tribes, an individuality and freshness of description, that possess extraordinary interest, and raise this romance far above its class, as the most curious picture of Arabian life in early times which has ever met the eye of Europe.

While we trace the career of the Arab Hercules, staggering belief with its prodigious exploits, and contemplate the exaggerated hero performing such wonders as only the heroes of antiquity could perform; while we listen to the vaunts of his own valiant deeds, and his power in battle, compared with which all the boastings of modern braggardism are perfect modesty; while we are charmed by the harmony of the love strains of this strange but fervent lover, shining even through translation with rare felicity of thought and beauty of expression; we are still more attracted by the multitude of native traits, which, as it were, make us inmates of the Arabs' tents, introduce us to their families, and shew us the qualities and rights of the ruler, the father or head, the wife, the child, the slave, through all the gradations of society in its youth.

Many parts, as might be expected, bear a strong resemblance to the historical books of the Old Testament: the poetry also has its nearest parallels in that sacred volume, and in Ossian: but the romantic nature of the work, leading into situations different from any detailed in the Bible or by the Scottish Bard, the resemblance is often contrasted with a dissimilitude which gives the whole an air of great novelty and originality. The contests are quite Homeric, though the modes of dealing death are far from being so varied. Antar has, in truth, a considerable sameness in his style of disposing of his enemies;—he cuts man and horse generally into four equal parts by a stroke of his sword; or, by way of a change, grasps his adversary, raises him aloft and dashes him to atoms upon the earth: or he seizes one warrior by the heels, and hurling him against another, destroys both at once. His terms of reproach are also fewer and more select than modern abuse or defiance would be contented with: 'Coward'—'Dastard'—'Slave'—'Cuckold'—and—'Son of a two-thousand horned Cuckold' seem nearly to comprehend his vocabulary.

But we had better end our introduction, and let him speak for himself, only premising, that the sequel of his history is stated by the editor to have been not yet received in England; and that, if we are rightly informed, we owe the expeditious appearance of what is published to a competition between Mr. Hamilton and a French scholar, who also got possession of the Arabian treasure, and was of course anxious that France should reap the honour of its first translation:

Antar (says the Introduction) is no imaginary personage. He was the son of an Arab Prince of the tribe of Abs, by a black woman, whom his father had made captive in a predatory excursion; and he raised himself, by the heroic qualities which he displayed from his earliest youth, and by his extraordinary genius for poetry, from the state of slavery in which he was born, to the confidence of his king, and to a pre-eminence above all the chiefs of Arabia. He flourished during the close of the sixth, and the early part of the seventh century of the Christian era; there is consequently little or no allusion to the customs or institutions of Islamism throughout the work; though the hero is frequently designated as "He by whom God organized the earth and the world, for the appearance of the Lord of Slaves."

This romance was first put together probably from traditionary tales current at the time, by Oamay, one of the eminent scholars who adorned the Courts of Haroun-Al-Raschid, and of his two learned successors Al-Amin, and Al-Mamoun; and it still continues to be the principal source whence the story-tellers of the Coffee-houses in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, draw their most interesting tales; but notwithstanding its general circulation in the Levant, the name of Antar is hitherto only known in Europe, as that of the author of one of the seven poems suspended in the temple of Mecca, and from that circumstance called "The Moallakat."

The Author of this poem, and the Hero of our history, are identified, as well by the similar names which occur; in both; as by the insertion of the poem itself in the body of the history, when, after much persecution and opposition, Antar at length succeeds in suspending the poem within the Holy Sanctuary which surrounds the Kaaba.

There is reason to believe that this is the first attempt to transpose into an European language, a real Arabian story, depicting the original manners of the Arabs of the desert, uncorrupted by the artificial and refined customs of the neighbouring cities in Syria, Egypt, and Persia.

The characteristics of the real Arabs or Bedouens are here presented in their native simplicity. An eager desire for the property of their neighbours; an unconquerable fondness for strife and battle; a singular combination of profuse hospitality, with narrow economy—quick perception, deep cunning, great personal courage, a keen sense of honor, respect for their women, and a warm admiration and ready use of the poetical beauties of their unrivalled language.

The supposition of the learned orientalist, Mons. Langlès, that the Thousand and One Nights were originally composed in the Pehlevi, or the old Persian, and from that language translated into Arabic, appears still more probable, when we observe the rich and

gorgeous descriptions of the works of art and nature which abound in them,—their enchanted places, their sultans and viziers, and all the attendant magnificence of a court, their genii and magicians, their want of individual character in the leading personages;—and when we contrast with those details the simple manners of the Kings and Chieftains of the desert, portrayed in this Romance; their rude tents; the familiarity with which they live amongst each other, controuled only by the rules of patriarchal authority; the almost total absence of supernatural agents; and above all, the striking distinctions of character, which mark the whole progress of the story. In this work indeed, The Subordination of the warriors and others, whether of high or low rank, to the irresistible Antar; in undaunted courage; in active prowess; in intellectual acquirements; in public spirit; in the ardour of his love; in the excellence of his poetry; and in acts of private generosity and benevolence; is strictly consistent with the best rules which the Critics have derived from the Homeric writings, for the conduct of the Heroic poem.

In an adherence to these rules indeed, the early European writers of Romantic Adventures, who followed the age of Charlemagne, and to whom, perhaps, Antar was better known than to their successors, did not follow the steps of their prototype. But whether he really deserve that appellation, that is, whether from the frequent intercourse between the Eastern and Western kingdoms of the Roman world, in the 8th, 9th, and 10th centuries, our Romance writers imbibed their taste for the adventures of Chivalry from this singular Tale, is a question, to the solution of which we may look forward, when the whole of it shall be before the public. It may be observed, however, that little more was wanting in order to compose the Romances of the middle age, than to engraft on the war, love, and courtesy of the Arabs, the splendid and soft luxuries of the other countries of the East, the witchcraft of Africa, the religious fervour of the South of Europe, and the gloomy superstitions of the North.

The Editor abstains from adding any further observations at present upon this subject. It had been his intention to request the indulgence of the reader for the oriental phraseology which frequently occurs in the following pages; but he prefers leaving the public to form their own opinion, how far the Translator has rightly judged, in presenting a literal translation of his original, by which the Arabic idioms might be best preserved, rather than (by giving to it a strictly English dress, and thereby destroying its native freshness,) to have been led into an indulgence of ornament, which would have been equally remote from the nice refinement of the language of Europe, and from the copious simplicity of that of the desert.

The work sets out with an account of the tribes of Ab and Adnan, and some of the wars of their kings the predecessors of Zoheir, who was contemporary with Antar. This King married Temadhor, "blooming as the dawning sun, and her forehead bright as its rays, and her cheeks red as the piony, her hair as black as night." There is a little matrimonial juggling between them, as he obtains her by a stratagem, and she revenges herself by another, by which she secures herself an honourable dowry; a matter of feminine pride in these days, as it may be sometimes a matter of female solicitude even in our own more liberal era. After this affair was settled to their mutual satisfaction, we must suppose that they lived in harmony, for she brought forth "ten sons, all like lions, and afterwards one daughter, Moolejeredah."

And it was the custom among the Arabs, that when a woman brought forth ten male children, she should be called Moonejeba, i. e. ennobled, and her name be published among the Arabs; and they used to say that the wife of such a one is ennobled.

The families of Carad and Zeead were the next in power to Zoheir, who

Was established in his dominions, and all the Arabs and Kings of the age obeyed him, and sent him presents from every quarter. And the tribe of Abs passed their time in plundering and killing the Chieftains, till all Arabia was overawed by their power, and all the dwellers of the deserts feared them.

It was in one of these plundering expeditions that Shedad, of the family of Carad, took prisoner "a black woman, uncommonly beautiful and well-shaped, her appearance elegant and striking;" and with her two children.



This woman's name was Zebecba, and the two children were her's; the eldest was called Jerer, and the youngest Shubob. She-dad visited her morning and evening; and thus matters continued till she became pregnant; and when her time came, she brought forth a boy, black and swarthy like an elephant, flat-nosed, bleary-eyed, harsh-featured, shaggy-haired; the corners of his lips hanging down, and the inner angles of his eyes bloated; strong boned, long footed; he was like a fragment of a cloud, his ears immensely long, and with eyes whence flashed sparks of fire.

This amiable infant was our friend Antar; and

When Zebecba wished to wean him, he grumbled and growled exceedingly, and the corners of his eyes became fiery red, so that he appeared like a mass of crimson blood; and this was his condition till he was weaned.

We are persuaded that babies take it very ill to be weaned, especially if mustard usurp the place of their sweet food (though we do not suspect the Arabs, or even black Mrs. Zebecba, of this Christian refinement;) but we never read so forcible a description of dissatisfaction as this of Antar. Time flies!

Now Antar was becoming a big boy, and grew up, and used to accompany his mother to the pastures, and he watched the cattle; and thus he continued to do till he increased in stature. He used to walk and run about to harden himself, till at length his muscles were strengthened, his frame altogether more robust, and his bones more firm and solid, and his speech correct. He then began to tyrannize over boys of the same age and to beat his brothers; and when he returned from the pastures, he amused himself with the servants and women, and he would eat nothing but what he liked; and whoever offended him he would thrash with a stick, till he tortured him; and all the tribe were his enemies. His days were passed in roaming about the mountains sides, sometimes riding upon the dogs, by which he acquired courage and intrepidity; and thus he went on till he attained his tenth year. One day he was wandering over the deserts with the flocks, and when the sun was burning hot, he left his people and climbed up a tree, and took shelter from the heat, whilst the flocks grazed, and he watched them; when lo! a wolf started from behind the trees and dispersed them. But Antar seeing how the animal dispersed the herds, he descended and ran after him, till he overtook him, and struck him with his staff between the eyes; he made the oil of his brains fly out between his ears, and slew him;—he then cut off his head and his legs, and returned growling like an angry lion.

After this glorious exploit our hero rode the horses, hurled his reed spear at trees, and became wonderfully bold and hardy, as he was of tremendous strength.

When a camel would stray away, he would cry out and make it stop, and he would struggle with and subdue the mightiest of the herds; and when he seized one by the tail, he tore it off: and when they resisted him, he would strike them on the back of the head, tear open their mouths; and thus he continued his feats till all the servants were afraid of him and every one, far and near, dreaded him.

This fine picture of savage nature does not, as it would in a civilized state, denote that the being thus acting was vicious and devilish. On the contrary, Antar was only the tyrant of matchless uncultivated powers: in his nature he was virtuous, noble, and heroic, and, with the proper allowances for the habits of those with whom his lot was cast, his disposition was generous and humane. He next deed was one which did him honour, and had considerable influence on his future life. Daji, a bullying slave, belonging to Shas, the eldest son of King Zohier, provoked his wrath, by taking possession of the water for his master's camels to use, and rudely repelling all the poor who ventured to bring their cattle to drink. One forlorn old woman humbly solicited his permission that her sheep might quench their thirst.

As soon as Daji heard these words, (her petition) and perceived the crowd of women and men, his pride increased, and his obstinacy was not to be moved, but he struck the woman on the stomach, and threw her down on her back, and uncovered her nakedness, whilst all the slaves laughed at her. When Antar perceived what had occurred, his pagan pride played throughout all his limbs, and he could not endure the sight. He ran up to the slave, and calling out to him, "You bastard," said he, "what mean you by

this disgusting action? Do you dare to violate an Arab woman? May God destroy your limbs, and all that consented to this act." When the slave heard what Antar said, he almost fainted from indignation; he met him, and struck him a blow over the face that nearly knocked out his eyes. Antar waited till he had recovered from the blow, and his senses returned: he then ran at the slave, and seizing him by one of the legs threw him on his back. He thrust one hand under his thigh, and with the other he grasped his neck, and raising him by the force of his arm, he dashed him against the ground. And his length and breadth were all one mass. When the deed was done his fury was unbounded, and he roared aloud, even as a lion.

This action brought down upon him the vengeance of Shas, who would have slain him, had he not been prevented by his brother Malik, a good prince, who was thenceforward the warm and constant friend of Antar, in all the difficulties into which the hate of others or his own ungovernable temper plunged him. King Zohier also participated in this regard, and always protected Antar, as far as the limited authority of an Arab sovereign allowed. But the great reward for this championing the cause of women, was the approbation of his cousin Ibla, the daughter of Malik, one of his father Shedad's brothers. This

Ibla was younger than Antar, and a merry lass; she was lovely as the full moon, and perfectly beautiful and elegant. She frequently joked with Antar, and was very familiar with him, as he was her servant. As soon as she came up to him on that day, "O you base-born," she cried, "why didst thou kill the slave of Prince Shas? Who can now protect thee from him?" Indeed, my mistress, he replied, I did no more than he deserved, for he had insulted a poor woman; he threw her down and made the servants laugh at her. "Thou hast acted most properly," said Ibla, smiling, "and we are rejoiced that thou art safe, for thou knowest our mothers consider thee as their son, and we look on thee as a brother, on account of thy services."

These words 'mistress' and 'servant' are not to be understood according to the phraseology of later times. Antar, by his birth, was a slave, and all his father's relations were in reality his masters and mistresses. Notwithstanding this difference of station, however, Antar fell desperately in love with Ibla, and like another Cymon, resolved to deserve her.

We will not particularize any other of Antar's youthful feats against individuals. By killing a slave of Rebia, the son of Zeead, he provoked the lasting hatred of that chief, and incurred the sore displeasure of his own father, inasmuch that he, with his brothers, joined those who sought his life. A curious phrase occurs in this place,—he addresses the slave as the "son of an uncircumcised mother"!\* One morning Antar,

Went galloping in different directions till he came to a plain called the plain of lions, and here were many ferocious animals and wild beasts. Here he let the cattle graze, and Antar only came to this valley, because he knew there was in it abundance of grass of the height of a man. Now not a servant of the whole tribe of Abs would ever enter or approach this valley, because it was very extensive, and filled with lions and tigers. As soon as Antar found himself in it, he said to himself, Perhaps I shall now find a lion, and I will slay him. Thus, whilst the cattle were feeding, and he from a mound was looking round on all sides, behold, a lion appeared in the middle of the valley; he stalked about, and roared aloud; wide were his nostrils, and fire flashed from his eyes: the whole valley trembled at every gnash of his fangs—he was a calamity, and his claws more terrific than the deadliest catastrophe—thunder pealed as he roared—vast was his strength, and his force dreadful—broad were his paws, and his head immense. As soon as he appeared in the valley, the cattle scented him and fled away in terror, and the camels were dispersed to the right and the left. No sooner did Antar perceive this extraordinary movement, than he descended into the valley, that he might observe what was the matter, brandishing his sword. He there saw the lion, terrible in

\* This may be explained either with reference to the extraordinary practice of excision, practised on the women of Egypt and Abyssinia, and perhaps some parts of Arabia, as described by Bruce and Niebuhr, or with reference to the term being sometimes used to denote merely infidel or unbeliever.

his strength, and lashing his sides with his tail. Antar cried out to him; and the mountains re-echoed to the cry. Welcome, thou father of lions—thou dog of the plains—thou foulest of the wild beasts of the desert. Now then, thou wilt exert thy power and thy might, and thou wilt pride thyself in thy roar; for, no doubt, thou art the monarch and ruler of the brute creation, and all obey thy commands—but, return to filth and contempt, thou meetest now no ordinary man. I deal death to the bravest, and render children orphans. Dost thou think, foul-mouthed beast, now about to die, that thou canst frighten me with thy roar or alarm me with thy bel-low? I will not condescend to slay thee with an arrow or a sword, but I will make thee drink of the cup of death from my single arm; and as he rushed towards him he addressed him in verse.

"I am the far-famed lion, the warrior whose exploits every one fears on the day of wars. I save, I protect the property of my father Shedad, and I punish the foe with the edge of my sword. When my hand wields the scimitar on the day of battle, every heart of the horsemen throbs with fear. Now will I meet thee in the waste, and make thee drink a cup of the vicissitudes of fortune. I heed not death when I meet him, and I comprehend what every tongue can express. Now then I will throw my sword out of my hand—away then with thee—and I will destroy thee, thou dog of the desert, with my hands alone."

Just at that moment Shedad and his brother came up to kill Antar. They saw him address the lion, and heard what he repeated: he sprang forward, and fell on him like a hail storm, and hissed at him like a black serpent—he met the lion as he sprang, and outroared his bellow; then, giving a dreadful shriek, he seized hold of his mouth with his hand, and wrenched it open to his shoulders, and he shouted aloud—the valley and the country round echoed back the war: he stuck to him until he was dead, and then dragged him by the legs without the valley; and having cut down some wood, he took out his Zanad (wood to make a light with,) struck a light, and made a fire. He waited until it blazed; he then ripped up the lion, took out the entrails, and cut off his four legs, and threw them into the fire; and when he perceived they were roasted, he took them out and ate thereof till he finished it; he then ran to a fountain and drank till he was satisfied; and having washed his mouth and hands, he went to a shady tree, where he put the lion's head under his own as a pillow, and wrapping up his head in a part of his sleeve, he fell asleep. His father and uncles were observing him and his actions, and as they saw all he did, they were quite terrified and scared. Verily this slave, said Zakmetool Jewad, has not his equal; no one in his senses would engage him. Malik also trembled. What shall we do with this wretch? said he. Great indeed has been the deed he has done; none of us can harm him; he would soon destroy us and tear out our entrails, or do as he has done with the lion. Let us return home, said Shedad, our honour still remains safe; we must find some other means to kill him and accomplish our wishes.

Soon after this the tribe of Abs set out to attack the tribe of Temeem, and our heroic Slave was left with others in charge of the houses and women. The females seem to make a sort of festival during the absence of their lords; for

They sat down to eat, and the wine cups went merrily round. It was the spring of the year, when the whole land shone in all its glory; the vines hung luxuriantly in the arbours; the flowers shed around ambrosial fragrance; every hillock sparkled in the beauty of its colours; the birds in responsive melody sang sweetly from each bush, and harmony issued from their throats; every ear was enchanted; the ground was covered with flowers and herbs; whilst the nightingales filled the air with their softest notes. Then the damsels beat the cymbal, and recited.

This sweetly painted scene is heightened to introduce disaster. In the midst of daring and sports, a cloud of dust suddenly rises, and a troop of seventy horsemen, "armed with cuirasses and coats of mail, and Aadite helmets, crying out, O by Cahtan!" surprise and carry off the women and virgins, and Ibla among the latter. This roused the spirit of Antar, who, unarmed as he was, pursued the ravishers on foot, and overtaking the hindmost (who happened to be the possessor of Ibla)—

He sprung upon him like a wild beast in its utmost fury, and clung to him, and, overpowering him, threw him upon his head, and broke his neck. Silent was the warrior's heart, for Antar had annihilated him, and he took possession of his armour and his stud.

He next assailed the rear of the band and slew twenty of them; and then killing the chief, the Cahtanians were panic struck, and fled without their prey. In that age it is stated

The Arabs were of two classes; from Yemen to India they were called the tribe of Cahtan; and in Mecca and Hijaz they were called the tribe of Adnan.

Antar's last exploit recommended him to the favour of all the women, and especially of Semeeah, his father's wife, and previously his enemy. On the return of Shedad he found the captured horses among his herds, and suspecting Antar of having murdered their riders for the sake of the annals, he bound him with a rope, and beat him with a whip. Such was the filial reverence of these days, that the son bore this punishment without resistance: at length Semeeah came and discovered the secret of his gallantry and conduct. The King, Zoheir, also honoured him greatly for the deliverance he had wrought. His next feat was of the same kind, against 300 marauding Cahtanians who attacked the Princes of Abs on a party of pleasure, but were routed by the extraordinary prowess and force of Antar. For this he was taken from tending the flocks, and raised by the King to the rank of a warrior.

Antar's faithful love for Ibla is now talked of with his other good qualities; and being called into the presence of his mistress, he is desired to sing her praise. This song is a fine specimen of the compositions of that era, at once beautifully simple and highly figurative.

I love thee with the love of a noble born hero; and I am content with thy imaginary phantom. Thou art my sovereign in my very blood; and my mistress; and in thee is all my confidence. O Ibla, my description cannot portray thee, for thou comprehendest every perfection! Were I to say thy face is like the full moon of heaven, where in that full moon is the eye of the antelope? Were I to say thy shape is like the branch of the Erak tree; O thou shamest it in grace of thy form! In thy forehead is my guide to truth; and in the night of thy tresses I wander astray. Thy teeth resemble stringed jewels; but how can I liken them to lifeless pearls! Thy bosom is created as an enchantment. O may God protect it ever in that perfection! To be connected with thee, is to be connected with every joy, but separated from all my world is the bond of thy connexion. Under thy veil is the rose-bud of my life, and thine eyes are guarded with a multitude of arrows; round thy tent is a lion warrior, the sword's edge, and the spear's point. O thy face is like the full moon of heaven, allied to light, but far from my hopes.

We know not how many of our readers will agree with us in thinking this song pre-eminently pathetic and poetical; we confess that we are not surprised at its effects on Ibla and her mother who were astonished, and Ibla regarded the bard with affection, nor that the "verses were soon published amongst the whole tribe, and men and women sang and repeated them."

His rise in honour and fame augmented the hatred of Antar's enemies; but he continued his marvellous career, and foiled every stratagem to assassinate him, and overthrew every foe of the tribe of Abs, in which he was greatly assisted by his half-brother Shiboob, an unerring archer. Antar, after a dreadful battle, in which he destroys the King of the Cahtans, determines that Shedad shall either acknowledge him as his Son, or he will kill him and transfer his services to another tribe more sensible of his merits.

The King gave Antar a beautiful robe, and mounted him on an Arab horse, and a necklace of burnished gold, studded with pearls and jewels; he presented him also with an excellent sword; and Antar quitted the tents of King Zoheir, clothed in that superb robe and cloak, and mounted on the Arab horse. But he soon dismounted, and walked by the side of his father; and when they entered the tent, Antar kissed his father's feet: O master, said he, why do you not grant me my due, as others, far and near, have done? or bestow on me what I so much desire? Tell me, said Shedad, what you want, make known what you wish, that I may be kind to you; I will not avariciously refuse you. Now Shedad thought he wanted a camel to ride, or a tent to live in, or a female slave to attend him. But Antar replied, I request of you, O master,



that the rank and dignity of an Arab be appropriated to me; and that you would acknowledge me as your son, and yourself as my father, so that my rank may be made known, and I become a Chief; and in truth I will reward you as no one else can. I will reduce the Arab Princes themselves to your obedience, through fear of my sword and spear.

When Antar had finished speaking, Shedad's eyes started into the crown of his head, his affections cooled, and his disorder of mind increased. Thou base-born! he cried, hast thou forgotten that thou hast tended the camels and the sheep, and collected the ordure of beasts among the mountains? Thou son of a slave; verily, the robe of King Zoheir plays about thy loins, and his words float upon thine ears; thou hast indeed made a demand, and hast raised thyself on high; and thou wouldst make me a by-word with every one that should hear thee: nothing have I for thee but a sword, and I will cut off thy head. Upon this, Shedad drew his sword, as soon as he had finished, and rushed at him, and all the slaves ran away from him.

Someeash however interfered, and prevented bloodshed. We quote the passage to shew the insuperable difficulties in the way of a person born a slave, emerging from his grade in these ancient times. Even Antar, the son of a high Chief, and the performer of so many heroic exploits, was denied and spurned for the request. In his despair he seeks his friend Prince Malik, who inquires the cause of his grief.

O, my Lord, he replied, I demanded of my father the rank and honour of an Arab; but he has abused me, and beaten me, and wished to kill me, and has made me a laughing-stock among the Arab Chiefs. You have been wrong, said Malik to Antar, in this sad affair; you have done that which would not, at any rate, have induced him to acknowledge you. Do not, my Lord, continued Antar, reprove my ambition, which often robs me of my wits and discretion; but had I not been intoxicated, this would not have happened, and I should have concealed my wishes, and submitted patiently to my misfortunes, till death had overtaken me. But in all circumstances thou art my master. Ah! my Lord, continued he, how often have I relieved them from their foes, and no one ever assisted me! Know too, that I love Ibla, the daughter of my Uncle Malik; and she drives away the sleep from my eyelids, and in my sleepless nights I am united to her; but my father Shedad has cut off all my hopes, and misfortunes upon misfortunes overpower me. I only demanded to be recognized as his son, that I might be united to her; but truly all my hopes of her are completely destroyed. No joy now remains for me, and the light of the day is the darkness of night in my eyes. I have no home but among the wild beasts and reptiles.

This passionate complaint moves the sympathy of the kind Prince, who consulted with his father as to what might be done for Antar; but in the meantime, having armed himself, he set out alone, reckless of all, and pursuing no certain path in his desertion of his ungrateful country. Accidentally meeting with a predatory band of his own tribe, under the command of Ghegadh, he joins them on their plundering excursion, under condition of receiving a share of one fourth, and they proceed together. We copy the result, as not only curiously illustrative of the manners of the age, but of the prodigious value which even twelve hundred years ago the Arabs set upon particular breeds of their horses. When we recollect how little of Arab record, prior to the appearance of Mahomet, is known, the extract will, we think, be read with interest.

In this manner they proceeded till they approached the land of the tribe of Cahtan, where they saw great quantity of cattle and some high raised tents and lofty pavilions; many horses running about and camels grazing, and the people unsuspicious of a reverse of fortunes. Here, my cousins, said Ghegadh, is a rich tribe, and the people few in number; let us attack and despoil them whilst it is dark, and we will quit their country in safety; before morning we shall be far away among the wastes. They instantly shook their lances in their hands, and drew their brilliant fauchions; and as they drove the camels and the horses from the tents and the habitations, the men mounted to keep them off from the women and families. But the sons of Abs forced them back towards the tents, and trampled them down upon the ground, seizing their property and spoil. Antar rushed down upon them, and obliged them to fly. Do you, said Ghegadh to Antar, drive away the cattle, and we will repulse all that dare pursue them.

Antar drove away the cattle, and had proceeded some way, when lo! a knight rushed out from the ravines in the rocks, mounted on a dark-coloured colt, beautiful and compact, and it was of a race much prized among the Arabs; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin; when he neighed, he seemed as if about to speak, and his ears were like quills; his sire was Wasil, and his dame Hemama. When Antar cast his eyes upon the horse, and observed his speed and his paces, and his uncommon beauty, he felt that no horse could surpass him, so his whole heart and soul longed for it.

Antar was not a person to long for any thing and not attempt to obtain it. He left the plundered cattle, and pursued the stranger, "a renowned horseman called Harith, the son of Obad," till sunset, when they reached a broad plain. Some parley ensued, and Harith ultimately gave his horse, on condition that the booty should be restored to the wretched Cahtans. His character of the steed is singular, and beats the best of our racing calendars.

A horse like this, says, he, whose lineage is as well known as that of the noblest warriors; for should his master be in difficulties, he will liberate him; he moves and flies without wings; and if you have not heard of his fame, I will tell you—he is called Abjer, whom Chosroe and the Grecian Emperors and the princes of the tribe of Asfar, have anxiously wished to possess.

Having found refuge and eaten bread with the tribe despoiled by Antar and his companions, the benevolent Harith however ransoms them by the sacrifice of his renowned steed, which Antar mounted "like a king of the land far and wide."—But we can follow his strange adventures no further at present, though they are so full of fascination to us, that we may be tempted at some future time to resume the chain of them for the gratification of those to whom the Book itself is not accessible.

## New Principle of Ship Building.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

Conceiving that most of your scientific readers will be gratified with perusing any additional remarks on the new principle of Ship-building, which was introduced into the Hastings 74, (launched at Calcutta) I herewith beg to transmit a copy of a Paper from the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London.

NAVIS.

On the great strength given to Ships of War, by the application of Diagonal Braces, by Robert Seppings, Esq.  
F. R. S. and M. R. T.

Since the time that I first suggested the principle of applying a Diagonal frame-work of ships of war, which was first partially and successfully adopted in the Kent, a 74 gunship, in the year 1805, my mind has been continually and anxiously turned to this important subject; and it was not until the utility of the experiment had been fully established in the opinion of most naval officers, that I ventured to present to the Royal Society a Paper on the application of this well-known principle, to the construction of large ships of war, but which, as far as my knowledge extends, never had been so applied, either theoretically or practically, in this, or any other maritime country; and I am well assured, that no such application or suggestion appears in any of the Continental writers on naval architecture. I merely mention this, because it has been pretty broadly insinuated that the idea was borrowed from the French. The propriety of a different disposition of the materials entering into the construction of a ship, has at different times, for more than a century past, been suggested by English ship-builders; and partial alterations have, in consequence, been introduced; but no one, that I am aware of, has at any time proposed the system of a Diagonal trussed frame. If I have received any assistance in the progress of the new system now universally adopted in the British Navy, it was from the plans and drawings of the celebrated Bridge of Schaffhausen, and from no other source.

The extensive application of this principle to no less than thirty-eight sail of the line, and thirty frigates, might perhaps be conclusive as to the advantages expected to be derived from the

new system; but as the Royal Society did me the honor to introduce my account of that system into their Transactions, at an early period of its adoption, I am led to hope that the result of a practical experiment, made with a view of proving the correctness of the principle may not be deemed an improper or an uninteresting corollary to my former Paper.

In the early part of the year 1817, the *Justitia*, an old Danish 74 gunship was ordered to be broken up on account of her defective state; and having observed her to be considerably arched, or hogged, as it is usually termed, I determined, notwithstanding her age and defective state, to apply the trussing principle to a certain extent, with a view to observe the effect it would have on a fabric reduced to so weak and shaken a condition.

The officers of the yard were directed to place sights on the lower and upper decks, prior to her being taken into the dock; and to ascertain, when she grounded on the blocks, how much she had altered from the state in which she was when afloat; they were then to place a certain number of trusses (conformably with the annexed Engraving Fig. 1,) in the following manner: those in the hold marked A, to be placed in an angle of 45° or thereabouts, and those marked B, at right angles to them; those in the parts marked C, to be placed from the midships forward, in an angle of 40° and from midships aft, at the same angle, but in an opposite direction, as it was uncertain where the centre fracture (or point of separation) would take place; a few of the port holes about the centre of the ship were crossed, as shewn in Fig. 1, at D. Wedges were applied to the heels of the trusses, which were then set tight.

The ship being thus partially trussed, the water was then to be let into the dock, and the ship floated out of it into the basin, where she was to be one hour, when a committee was to examine the sights, and ascertain how much the ship had altered, and again what change had taken place in twenty-four hours after floating. This being done, the trusses were to be disengaged in as short a time as possible, in order to observe whether the effect of their removal would be instantaneous, or gradual.

The following is an Extract of the Report of the Committee:—

"When the ship was in dock, on blocks perfectly straight, she came down in the midships, by the sights placed on the gundeck, two feet three inches; and by those on the upper deck two feet three inches and a quarter; and when undocked, with the trusses complete, and in their places, she hogged, or broke her sheer by the sights on the gundeck, one foot two inches, and by those on the upper deck one foot two inches and five-eighths; and at the expiration of twenty four hours she had hogged or further broke her sheer two inches and four-eighths, and then appeared stationary, and completely borne by the trusses.

We then proceeded to take away the trusses in the hold, and when they were wholly disengaged she further hogged, or broke her sheer, six inches. We next proceeded to take away the trusses in the ports, and when they were wholly cleared, she dropped at the extremities, (or further hogged three inches and a half) and was in the same position when tried twenty-four hours after.

We further beg leave to state that the whole of the trusses marked B, slackened as the ship floated from the blocks, and became short from half an inch to three inches and a half, and partook of no part of the pressure; which, in our opinion, clearly proves that the direction in which Mr. Seppings has applied his diagonal frame is correct, as also the great utility of the trussing system; for although this ship, from her very defective state, was much against so severe an experiment, it has proved to us its good effects most satisfactorily; for many of the trusses in the ports forced the timbers three eighths of an inch within the ends of their covering planks, thereby lessening their effect from what it would have been if the ship had been of a sounder texture; yet on a ship in this state, the trussing between the ports alone, after those in the hold were wholly disengaged, had the effect of sustaining the immense pressure of both ends of the ship in her worst position, and prevented her from breaking, which she otherwise would have done, from three to four inches and which she actually and immediately did on their being disengaged."

This statement of the Portsmouth Officers, I trust will be considered conclusive as to the benefits to be derived from the principle of trussing in the construction of ships; and although it was only applied from the keelson to the beams of the hold, and not to the ribs or frame of the ship, as is the case when ships are regularly built on this system, yet it sufficiently establishes the soundness of the principle.

When the *Justitia* first floated, after being partially trussed as described, the noise occasioned by the pressure upon the trusses is stated to have been "truly terrific" until she was fairly settled upon them, the disengaging them also caused a similar crash.

As, previous to the abovementioned trial on the *Justitia*, some professional men had expressed a doubt whether the braces ought not to have been placed in the direction of the trusses, and *vice versa*; the following experiment was exhibited to show what was expected to take place, and which did actually take place on the trial made upon the ship.

Let Fig. 2 represent a frame of wood, having the braces B pinned to the upper and lower ties C. Let the trusses D, and the longitudinal pieces E, be merely let in, without fastenings; then make the point F the fulcrum, and pressing down the ends G. G. it will be found that the frame comes more in contact by the pressure. Next, reverse the frame, and let H become the fulcrum, and by pressing at I. I. it will be seen that the trusses D and the longitudinal pieces E will immediately be disengaged and fall out; this proves that, had the long braces in the ships built on this system of the diagonal frame, been placed in the same direction that those were in this experiment as marked A, fig. 1, the ships so constructed would in the act of launching, or pitching in a sea, and as they grew old, have slackened certain parts of the diagonal frame, and the fabric would have been supported by long crooked trusses, whose ends would have had but one point of support, namely the shelf piece or internal hoop; and what is more objectionable, the ends of the trusses would, if so placed, have been cut off to an angle of 45°. On the contrary, by making the ties in the diagonal frame the abutments, as many additional points of support are gained as the trusses B exceed the braces A; and further, the trusses B are now straight and short, and their ends are cut off at a right angle, thereby giving a support, and the longitudinal pieces a fixedness, which would not have been the case had they been laid in the other direction.

Indeed no stronger proof could be adduced in favour of the efficacy of the principle, than that which was furnished in the launching of three ships of one hundred and twenty guns, the *Nelson*, the *St. Vincent*, and the *Howe*. In form and dimensions, these three ships are precisely the same; and their frames, beams, and external planking of the same scantlings: the two former were built according to the old plan, and the latter upon the diagonal principle. After the *Nelson* was launched, she was found to have altered nine inches and a half from her original sheer, and the *St. Vincent* nine inches and a quarter; while the *Howe* altered only three inches and five-eighths. The whole machine, in the case of the two former ships was generally disturbed; the *Howe* exhibited no such symptoms.

I shall only further state that after the memorable battle of Algiers, I requested the Navy Board to call upon Captain Coode of His Majesty's ship *Albion*, to report on the state of that ship, she being built on the new principle; and the following is an Extract of his Letter to them.

"I beg to inform you, that it is the opinion of myself and the officers of the *Albion*, that it was impossible any ship could have stood the concussion from firing, and the recoil of the guns better than she did; and on a very minute inspection of the ship, after the action, there was not the least difference to be observed, (except what had been made by the enemy) between the side of the ship that all the firing was from, and the side that not a single gun was fired from, during the action; and every bolt and knee was as perfect and secure as before the action commenced; which was also the case over the lower and main gun decks; but the quarter deck was stove in several places; which in my opinion would not have been the case had it been on the same construction as the decks that stood so well."

The *Albion's* decks so well spoken of by Captain Coode, are laid diagonally; the quarter deck as usual, fore and aft.

To submit the diagonal decks to the test of experiment, I caused the decks of the *Northumberland* of 80 guns to be laid on one side fore and aft, as is usual, and on the other side diagonally, conformably with my principle; the materials on each side were of the same description, and the beams attached to both sides of the ship by the same mode.

This ship was ordered to convey General Buonaparte to St. Helena, and Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn was, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, directed to report on the compa-



rative merits of the decks. The following is an Extract of a Letter from Captain Ross of the Northumberland, to Sir George Cockburn, which was transmitted to the Admiralty.

"I have to state that the fore-and-aft side required caulking, on the passage from England, which was partially done; when the diagonal side did not; the fore and aft side now requires caulking all over, and the diagonal side very little; being, in my opinion and that of the carpenter, much in favour of the diagonal decks."

On the return of the Northumberland to Sheerness, the officers of the yard were directed very particularly to survey her decks: After speaking of the favourable report made to their enquiries by the officers of the ship, they stated as follows:—

"This report was confirmed by the general appearance of the ship on her arrival at this port; and having subsequently caulked and minutely examined the state of the decks and waterways, we find the comparison so much in favour of the larboard side as to determine, that the diagonal system of laying the decks is preferable to the common system."

### Query.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

Who is "Son of the Morning?" A Punster would say "*The Morning Sun*;" but Punsers are bad interpreters of Poets, and I wish to have the Riddle resolved by a true Son of Apollo—one who is deeply versed in the Muses' Lore, and well qualified to expound the meaning of a Brother Bard. The expression occurs in the subjoined Stanza of Child Harold, Canto II.

#### STANZA III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!  
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:  
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!  
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.  
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:  
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds  
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn  
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;  
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope in built on reeds.

Barrackpore, July 3.

A. SUBSCRIBER.

#### Note in Reply.

"Lucifer, Son of the Morning," is one of the poetic titles of Satan, alluding probably to the glory with which the dawn of his existence was accompanied, as one of the favourite angels of heaven, from which, by his rebellion against Omnipotence, he fell.

In the preceding stanza, the Pilgrim, in a strain of eloquent lamentation over the ruins of Athens, exclaims.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,  
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?  
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:  
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,  
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?  
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!  
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole  
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,  
Dim with the mist of years, grey sits the shade of power.

Attributing such destruction to the evil genius of war, despotism, and ignorance, the appeal to Satan, as the source from whence all evil passions spring, is, we think, both natural and poetic, particularly if the words "Approach you here" be regarded as a question, which requires only a substitution of (?) for (!) (probably an error of the press) to make it so;—and then the words "Come, but molest not yon defenceless urn" have great force and beauty, and the remainder of the stanza is intelligible.

We have never heard any difficulties started regarding the passage before, and offer this interpretation on the moment, as the query reached us only yesterday afternoon: we submit it however with deference, as it is very possible that the noble bard might have had some other allusion in view.

*Roman Antiquities.*—In driving the tunnel of the new grand sewer, in Surrey, along King-street, towards the Borough end, many articles of Roman antiquity have been brought to light since the commencement of 1819, viz. fragments of cinerary urns without number, some of which, if entire, would have measured nearly two feet in diameter, while others occur not above two inches; which, being filled with odorous oil and other fragrant combustibles, were probably used in feeding the funeral pile; and it is remarkable, that in many instances these combustible substances still adhere to the fragments in a concrete form; fragments likewise of glass vessels and lacrymatories have been raised; few vessels have been found entire, except the sepulchral terra cotta lamps, of which considerable numbers have been brought up, but generally of a very plain

character; some of them are stamped on the bottom thus, FORTIS;

others apparently with the name of AVGVSTVS; others of CLAVDIVS, &c. &c. A few human bones, many tusks of boars, bones of birds, and other animals, have also been found. It seems evident that this part of the Borough was formerly a Roman burial ground, although it is a little singular, that it has never been noticed as such by any of the writers upon the History of the Metropolis and its Environs; and if this should be the fact, it may be connected by other local circumstances very interesting in the History of Southwark. The sewer, when completed, promises to be of general utility to the whole of the district through which it takes its course. A large proportion of it runs through a thick sand at the depth of fifteen and twenty feet below the pavement, and passing as it does through narrow streets, with buildings on each side, it became necessary to tunnel and to construct the bottom of cast iron, curved in the nature of an inverted arch.

### Notice.

The limitation imposed on us by the postage, which now that six Numbers are published in a week, oblige us to confine each Number to eight pages, (to keep within the weight of three single parquets, the number transmitted weekly by dawk,) cannot be more regretted by our readers than by ourselves, as it retrenches that portion of our labours which we feel the highest pleasure in, namely, the Review of Science, Literature, and the Arts.

We have at the present moment several subjects of considerable interest, in each of those departments of knowledge, accumulating on our hands; and as we have reason to know that by far the greater portion of our readers, who are stationed in the interior of the country and to whom books are not accessible until many months after they have reached India, esteem this part of our Work most highly, we propose to devote the Number for Thursday (the day, added to our list since the commencement of the present month) to subjects of this nature also; under the hope of our being thereby enabled to fulfil our engagements to such Correspondents as honor our columns with their communications, and of affording also an agreeable relief to Political and Commercial speculations, in the addition to our Literary stores for those of our readers, whose occupations or taste lead them to value these above all others.

### Anacreontic Ode.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

Such of your Irish readers as have been students in Trinity College, Dublin, will recollect the Historical Society of that University. The accompanying Anacreontic Ode was read in it: not long ago, and is one proof among many, how little, sometimes, a man's real abilities are discoverable from his general conversation, or even from his apparent progress in his Academical exercises.

Upon its having been read, there was a loud and universal call for the Author; when, after a pause, and to the utter astonishment of every one present, a young Gentleman, (as well as I remember) of the name of Crauley, stood up, and declared himself the Author. He had, previously, been generally considered as remarkably slow of parts, and wholly destitute of talents. Being altogether unconnected with the Author, I have no other motive for sending it to you, but a wish to contribute to the enriching the page of your Journal for the gratification of the public.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Barrackpore, June 29, 1819.

CENTURIO.

## ANACREONTIC.

*Imitation of Moore's Greek Ode, prefixed to his Translation of Anacreon.*

## I.

Beneath his purple clust'ring vine,  
Every tendril dropping wine,  
Anacreon lay—sworn foe to thinking,  
Friend alone to Love and drinking:  
Glowing still with youthful fire,  
The Poet struck his wanton lyre.  
No deed of death, no tale of woe,  
Bade the rapid numbers flow;  
He sung fair Woman's raptur'd sigh,  
Her blushing cheek, and sparkling eye;  
Or in softer, sweeter measures,  
Told Love's mutual, melting pleasures;  
Bliss that knows no rude alloy,  
Whose only tears, are tears of joy.  
Lur'd by the trancing, thrilling sound,  
Thousand Cupids flutter'd round;  
Pillow'd on the fainting gale,  
Now they drink the Minstrel's tale;  
Now for his silv'ry tresses twine  
The Rose and Myrtle, breathing wine;  
Train'd the nectar'd kiss to sip,  
They press and press his yet warm lip;  
Or in this purple mantle pour  
Their quivers' poison-pointed store,  
The darts that spare nor youth nor age,  
The blooming boy, or hoary sage.

## II.

Minstrel, be wise; the present spurn;  
The dang'rous, deadly gift return;  
Else, I warn thee, soon prepare  
To close that careless, jocund air;  
To heave the long, heart-rending sigh;  
To feel the hot tear dim thine eye;  
To see the cheek its hue resign,  
And grow as wan and pale as mine.—  
What, would'st thou give thy sporting lyre,  
For doubt, and fear, and keen desire?  
The rosy wreath, the flowing bowl,  
For these, these arrows of the soul?  
Soon the fever-throbbing vein,  
The languid nerve, the madd'ning brain,  
The sleepless night, the cheerless day,  
Will make thee wish them far away.

## III.

Pallas, Wisdom's serious Queen,  
Sternly ey'd the festive scene—  
"Still shall Anacreon waste the hours  
In pleasure's soul-enslaving bow'rs?  
Sunk in smiles, and loves, and kisses,  
Idle follies, childish blisses?—  
Still shall the heav'n-descended string  
With Bacchus' drunken praises ring?  
Old Man, for shame! to Virtue give  
The few short hours thou hast to live—  
Wake to manly strains the lyre;  
Weave the song, the song of fire!  
See my lov'd, my chosen land  
Bow'd to a sceptred villain's hand;\*  
The land I destin'd to be free,  
The pride of Greece and Liberty;  
The land my guardian care design'd  
The great, unshackled school of Mind—  
Where Science, to each rising age,  
Might ope the wonders of her page;  
Genius, his star-ey'd wing unfurl'd,  
Might dazzle and illumine a World;

\* During the most flourishing period of Anacreon's reputation, Hippasus ascended the Athenian throne, and the Lieutenants of Cyrus reduced to slavery the Greco-Asiatic cities, of which Teos, the birth place of Anacreon, was one.

There, twine the rich poetic wreath,  
There, bid the sculptur'd marble breathe;  
The magic canvas there unfold;  
And wake the dulcet strings of gold.  
Anacreon! lift the glowing strain;  
Bid her, bid her burst the chain;  
Bid her wing th' avenging dart,  
And wing it to the Tyrant's heart.—  
See, on thy once known, once lov'd shore,  
See the turban'd plunderers pour;  
See, see thy nation's Teos lie  
Beneath the whips of tyranny;  
No song of peace, no note of love  
Now echoes thro' th' Ionian grove;  
Exchang'd for sighs, for shrieks of pain.  
The echoing scourge and clanking chain.—  
Go now, and talk of am'rous wiles,  
Of coral lips, and wreathed smiles;  
Strike, strike, my Son, the martial chords;  
Point the Hero's high rewards;  
Drag to light the Coward's name,  
That lives to slavery and shame;  
Pour the solemn chant along,  
The rolling, rushing tide of song;  
Till ev'ry sinking bosom glow,  
To strike the dread, decisive blow;  
Till ev'ry bondsman's heart beat high  
To rend the Despot's or to die."

## IV.

"Nor Fame, nor Freedom now I prize,"  
The laughter-loving bard replies;  
"Ah, not for me th' embattled field;  
The gory spear, the glittering shield;  
Goddess! no more of War and Arms,  
Oh! speak of Phryne's conqu'ring charms;  
Speak of the vest's transparent fold;  
The pencil'd brow; the tress of gold;  
The cheek's soft bloom; the lip's rich die;  
And all the magic of her eye.  
What bliss to clasp that yielding form,  
With love, and youth, and beauty warm;  
To still the rising, maiden-fear;  
And kiss off ev'ry timid tear;  
Hang o'er that bosom's living snows;  
From that lip, that lip of rose,  
Hear passion's infant accents break;  
Mark the first-blush tinge her cheek;  
Feel the heart-pulse beating high;  
Drink her dear, delicious sigh;  
Catch her blue eye's melting roll;  
Mix lip with lip, and soul with soul."

## V.

Goddess! of this would'st thou bereave me?  
These, only these, O! Goddess, leave me.  
Away with wealth, away with pow'r,  
The tinsel play things of an hour;  
Buds, that blossom but to fade;  
The very shadows of a shade.  
Give, Goddess! to these eager arms  
My blushing Phryne's world of charms—  
Yes—let her blush—be timid—coy,—  
And seem to shun the promis'd joy:  
I would not to this bosom press  
The maid who met my wild excess;  
Nor on the throbbing heart roeline,  
That glow'd with fire as fierce as mine.  
Give me tears, and vows, and sighs,  
Love's bewitching poignancies.—  
The laurel branch let Glory wave  
High o'er her bleeding Soldier's grave—  
New tides of wealth let Fortune roll,  
New tortures to the miser's soul—  
Or teach the asking courtier-crow,  
Ambition has its tortures too,—  
Wealth, Glory, Power, I resign;—  
Anacreon asks but Love and Wine.